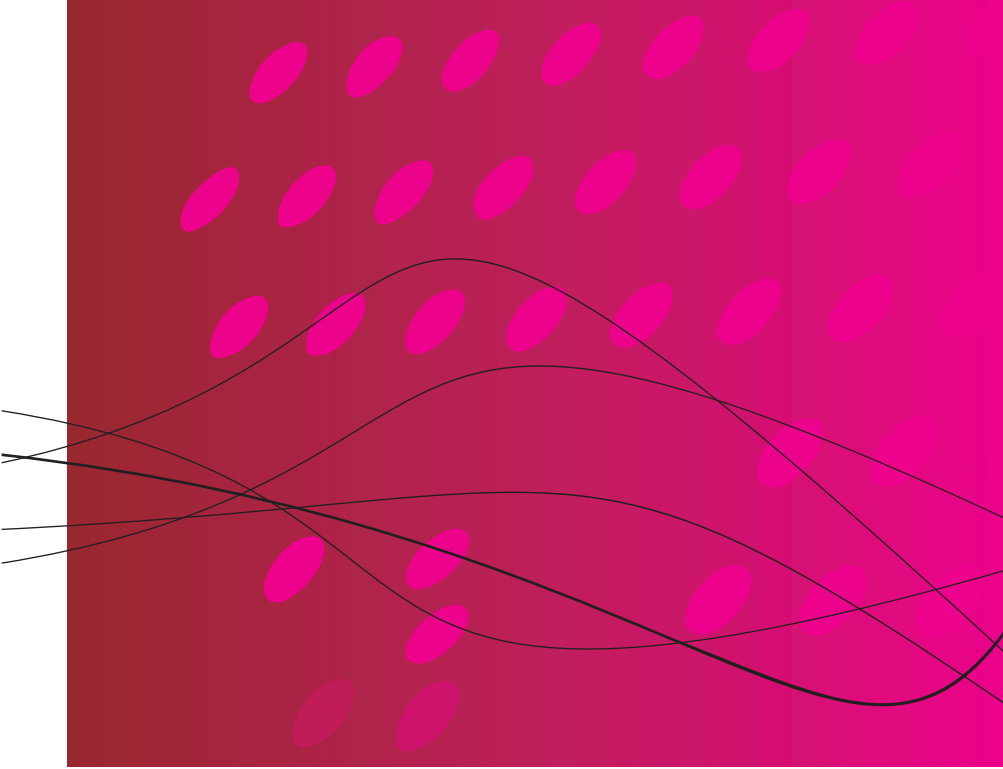


MICHAEL ZAUGG
ARTISTIC DIRECTOR
PRINCIPAL CONDUCTOR

15 OCTOBER 23
SHADES OF LOVE
3:00 PM
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ProCoro  CANADA

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Pro Coro Canada acknowledges that we are located on Treaty 6 territory, and respects the histories, languages, and cultures of First Nations, Métis, Inuit, and all First Peoples of Canada, whose presence continues to enrich our vibrant community.

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Pro Coro Canada
 #309, 10113 - 104 Street NW
 Edmonton, AB, T5J 1A1
 780.420.1247
 procoro.ca

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Endowment Funds create a permanent legacy felt over generations. An endowment fund with Edmonton Community Foundation invests gifts through independent investment managers. Each year, a percentage of this family of funds is granted to Pro Coro Canada, to be invested according to their intended purpose.

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The Pro Coro Canada Endowment Fund

Ensures the long-term prosperity of the ensemble. This fund directly assists the general operations of the choir on-stage and behind the scenes.



The Russ and Johann Mann Endowment Fund

Facilitates the creation and commission of new choral works by Canadian and International composers to be performed by Pro Coro Canada, and choirs across Canada.



The Maria David Evans Memorial Endowment Fund

In the spirit of educating the leaders of tomorrow, the Maria David Evans Memorial Fund facilitates the educational work of Pro Coro Canada with emerging choral leaders, young singers and the local choral community at-large.



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Please consider donating to one of Pro Coro Canada's endowment funds this fall to help us secure long-term sustainable financial support.

To donate, visit procoro.ca/endowment



**Funds received in 2022*

Program

Michael Zaugg, conductor

Cantique de Jean Racine, Op. 11

Gabriel Fauré

Leanne Regehr, piano

Quartette für vier Solostimmen, Op. 31

Johannes Brahms

- I. Wechsellied zum Tanz
- II. Neckereien
- III. Der Gang zum Liebchen

*Petra Schields, soprano
Kimberley Denis, alto
Andrew Whiteside, tenor
Rob Curtis, bass
Leanne Regehr, piano*

Coloque

Francis Poulenc

*Catherine Kubash, soprano
Michael Kurschat, baritone
Leanne Regehr, piano*

Romanzen und Balladen, Op. 67

Robert Schumann

- I. Der König von Thule
- II. Schön-Rohtraut
- III. Heidenröslein
- IV. Ungewitter
- V. John Anderson

*Katrina Smith, Catherine Kubash, Annette Martens, Adrienne Sitko,
Sable Chan, Britney Huynh, Charles Stolte, Anthony Wynne,
Tyson Kerr, Adam Robertson, Rob Curtis, Josiah Maxfield*

Evening Song

Allan Bevan*

Leanne Regehr, piano

- Intermission -

The Bride's Dream

Torbjørn Dyrud

Possession

Ethel Smyth

Lesley Dolman, mezzo soprano

Leanne Regehr, piano

Selections from Songs

Amy Beach

When Far From Her

Empress of Night

Lesley Dolman, mezzo soprano

Leanne Regehr, piano

Sechs Lieder, Op. 13

Clara Schumann

I. Ich Stand in Dunklen Träumen

II. Sie Liebten Sich Beide

III. Liebeszauber

IV. Der Mond Kommt Still Gegangen

V. Ich Hab' in Deinem Auge

VI. Die Stille Lotosblume

Laren Stepler, tenor (1 & 5)

Annette Martens, soprano (2)

Katrina Smith, soprano (3)

Adam Robertson, bass (4)

Dawn Bailey, soprano (6)

Leanne Regehr, piano

Selections from Shades of Love

Ruth Watson Henderson*

V. Annabel Lee

IV. Remember

I. Awake, My Heart

**Canadian Composer*

Performers

Conductor

Michael Zaugg

Soprano

Dawn Bailey
Catherine Kubash
Annette Martens
Petra Shields
Katrina Smith

Tenor

Tyson Kerr
Laren Stepler
Charles Stolte
Andrew Whiteside
Anthony Wynne

Alto

Sable Chan
Kimberley Denis
Lesley Dolman
Britney Huynh
Adrienne Sitko

Bass

Andrew Bortz
Rob Curtis
Michael Kurschat
Josiah Maxfield
Adam Robertson

Piano

Leanne Regehr

Pro Coro Canada



Founded in 1981 by Canadian Michel Marc Gervais, Pro Coro Canada has performed at the Toronto International Choral Festival (1994 and 2002), the 1988 Olympic Arts Festival, and Canadian Voices (2003 landmark series of concerts celebrating 50 years of professional choral singing in Canada and R. Murray Schafer's 70th year). The choir has commissioned dozens of new works, the majority by Canadian composers. Pro Coro Canada produced the second Edmonton International Choral Festival from May 30th to June 2nd, 2019.

The twenty-four voices of Pro Coro Canada have been shaped by some of the finest choral conductors in the world, including Gervais, Anders Eby (Sweden), Søren Hansen (Denmark), Agnes Grossmann (Austria), and Richard Sparks (USA). Guest conductors have included Frieder Bernius, Eric Ericson, Gary Graden, Maria Guinand, Bo Holten, Elmer Iseler, Tõnu Kaljuste, Diane Loomer, Leonard Ratzlaff, Ward Swingle, Ivars Taurins, Jon Washburn, and Erik Westberg. In early 2012 Michael Zaugg was announced as Pro Coro's new Artistic Director and Principal Conductor.

Under the direction of Swiss-born Michael Zaugg, the choir is widely recognized as one of this country's finest. The choir is particularly proud of its composer-in-residence program with internationally renowned composer Alberto Grau; its appointment as Faculty in the Choral Art program at the Banff Centre; and critically acclaimed tours of four provinces. Pro Coro Canada believes strongly in community partnerships and over the past few years has collaborated with many community choirs as well as mentoring young choral artists through their Emerging Artist Program.



Our Conductor

**Michael Zaugg:
Managing & Artistic Director
and Principal Conductor**

Swiss-native Michael Zaugg has distinguished himself as an innovative and versatile conductor, pedagogue and clinician. Currently in his 11th season as Artistic Director and Principal Conductor of the professional chamber choir Pro Coro Canada in Edmonton, Michael also previously led other notable Canadian choirs including, in Montreal, the St. Lawrence Choir (2008-2013) and voces boreales (2006-2015), and the Cantata Singers Ottawa (2005-2014).

As Chorus Master of the Orchestre Symphonique de Montréal (2006-2011), Michael successfully prepared groups of up to 1500 singers for OSM Artistic Director Kent Nagano, including the award-winning production *Saint François d'Assise* by Messiaen. Michael also prepared the Cantata Singers Ottawa for their appearances with the National Arts Centre Orchestra under conductors such as Franz-Paul Decker, Trevor Pinnock, and Helmuth Rilling.

Active as a Guest Conductor, Michael Zaugg has worked with notable groups including the Vancouver Chamber Choir, National Youth Choir of Canada, the BBC Singers, Vancouver's *musica intima*, Thirteen Strings, as well as the Longueuil Symphony Orchestra. Michael's US debut was with the Grammy-nominated Choir of Trinity Wall Street in New York. He has led a 60-voice male choir, with singers selected from across Canada, the US and the Ukraine, to perform the Resurrection Liturgy by Fr. John



Sembrat (Alberta) in tours across the Prairies and to Toronto, Philadelphia, Rochester and New York City.

Originally an accomplished tenor, Michael became the first Swiss conductor to be accepted to the Royal Academy of Music in Stockholm, Sweden in its prestigious post-graduate program for Professional Choir Conducting. Mr. Zaugg also holds degrees in voice and music education from the University in Basel. In 2018 he was awarded an Honorary Degree of Doctor of Music (Hon DMus) by Scotland's King's College, University of Aberdeen.

In 2020 Michael Zaugg, together with Pro Coro Canada, received the Choral Canada national Award for Outstanding Innovation for the CHORAL ART at the Banff Centre for Arts and Creativity. He was also a 2020 recipient of the Edmonton Artists Trust Fund Award, and the recipient of the Con Spirito Award from Choir Alberta in 2022.

Guest Performer Leanne Regehr



Leanne Regehr is a versatile and sensitive pianist who is widely recognized for her intuitive ability to collaborate with other musicians across an extensive range of repertoire. She is the featured soloist in a live recording of Victor Davies' Mennonite Piano Concerto with the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, and is currently based in Edmonton where she serves on the faculties of the University of Alberta and The King's University.

Leanne's reputation in opera has grown through engagements as a répétiteur with Shreveport Opera, Mercury Opera, and Edmonton Opera. Her dedication to the development of young singers has been shown through her work as a faculty member with Opera NUOVA, as a Coaching Fellow at the Aspen Music Festival and most recently with the Ukrainian Art Song Project's Summer Institute in Toronto. She is a keyboardist with the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra, and has performed with the Chamber Orchestra of Edmonton, Pro Coro Canada, Da Camera Singers, Luminous Voices, the Okanagan Symphony Orchestra, and the Academy Concert Series in Toronto.

Leanne completed her Doctor of Music in Piano Performance at Northwestern University and explored further studies at the Banff School of Fine Arts, the Universitat Mozarteum in Salzburg and the Aspen Music Festival. She has enjoyed playing the masterworks of the choral repertoire during her twenty seasons as accompanist with the Richard Eaton Singers, and freelances as a soloist, vocal coach, recital partner, and adjudicator.

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choir alberta



Choral Canada
Association of Canadian
Choral Communities

Canada Choral
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chorales canadiennes

Texts & Translations

Cantique de Jean Racine, Op. 11

Gabriel Fauré

Verbe, égal au Très-Haut,
notre unique espérance,
Jour éternel de la terre et des cieux ;
De la paisible nuit nous rompons le silence,
Divin Sauveur, jette sur nous les yeux!

Répands sur nous le feu
de ta grâce puissante,
Que tout l'enfer fuie au son de ta voix ;
Dissipe le sommeil d'une âme languissante,
Qui la conduit à l'oubli de tes lois!

O Christ, sois favorable à ce peuple fidèle
Pour te bénir maintenant rassemblé.
Reçois les chants qu'il offre
à ta gloire immortelle,
Et de tes dons qu'il retourne comblé!

Quartette für vier Solostimmen, Op. 31

Johannes Brahms

I. Wechsellied zum Tanz

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Die Gleichgültigen:
Komm mit, o Schöne,
komm mit mir zum Tanze;
Tanzen gehöret zum festlichen Tag.
Bist du mein Schatz nicht,
so kannst du es werden,
Wirst du es nimmer, so tanzen wir doch.
Komm mit, o Schöne,
komm mit mir zum Tanze;
Tanzen [verherrlicht den] festlichen Tag.

Hymn of Jean Racine, Op. 11

English Text by Harold Heiberg

O Word, equal of the Most High,
Our sole hope,
eternal day of earth and the heavens,
We break the silence of the peaceful night.
Divine Saviour, cast Thine eyes upon us!

Shed the light
of Thy mighty grace upon us.
Let all Hell flee at the sound of Thy voice.
Dispel the slumber of a languishing soul
That leads it to the forgetting of Thy laws!

O Christ, be favorable unto this faithful people
Now gathered to bless Thee.
Receive the hymns it offers
unto Thine immortal glory
And may it return laden with Thy gifts.

Quartets for Four Solo Voices, Op. 31

I. Dialogue at the Dance

The indifferent ones:
Come with me, o beauty;
come with me to the dance
dancing is right for a festive day.
You can become my sweetheart
if you are not,
but if you will never be, we can just dance.
Come with me, o beauty;
come with me to the dance
dancing glorifies a festive day.

Die Zärtlichen:

Ohne dich, Liebste, was wären die Feste?
 Ohne dich, Süße, was wäre der Tanz?
 Wärs't du mein Schatz nicht,
 so möcht ich nicht tanzen,
 Bleibst du es immer,
 ist Leben ein Fest.
 Ohne dich, Liebste, was wären die Feste?
 Ohne dich, Süße, was wäre der Tanz?

Die Gleichgültigen:

Laß sie nur lieben, und laß du uns tanzen!
 Schmach'tende Liebe vermeidet den Tanz.
 Schlingen wir fröhlich
 den drehenden Reihen,
 Schleichen die andern
 zum dämmernden Wald.
 Laß sie nur lieben, und laß du uns tanzen!
 Schmach'tende Liebe vermeidet den Tanz.

Die Zärtlichen:

Laß sie sich drehen,
 und laß du uns wandeln!
 Wandeln der Liebe ist himmlischer Tanz.
 Amor, der nahe, der höret sie spotten,
 Rächet sich einmal, und rächet sich bald.
 Laß sie sich drehen,
 und laß du uns wandeln!
 Wandeln der Liebe ist himmlischer Tanz.

II. Neckereien**Text by Josef Wenzig**

Fürwahr, mein Liebchen, ich will nun frein,
 Ich führ' als Weibchen dich bei mir ein;
 Mein wirst du, o Liebchen,
 fürwahr du wirst mein,
 Und wolltest du's auch nicht sein.

"So werd' ich ein Täubchen
 von weißer Gestalt,
 Ich will schon entfliehen,
 ich flieg' in den Wald;
 Mag dennoch nicht deine,

The tender ones:

Without you, dearest, what would a festival be?
 Without you, my sweet, what would a dance be?
 If you were not my sweetheart,
 I would not want to dance.
 If you stay my sweetheart forever,
 life will be a celebration.
 Without you, dearest, what would a festival be?
 Without you, my sweet, what would a dance be?

The indifferent ones:

Let them love, but let us dance!
 Languishing love shuns the dance.
 Let us merrily weave about
 in spinning rows,
 and let the others creep off
 into the twilight wood.
 Let them love, but let us dance!
 Languishing love shuns the dance.

The tender ones:

Let them twirl,
 and let us wander!
 Wandering in love is a heavenly dance.
 Cupid is nearby and hears this mockery;
 he will have revenge someday - and soon!
 Let them twirl, a
 nd let us wander!
 Wandering in love is a heavenly dance.

II. Teasing

Indeed, my sweetheart, I want to court you,
 to introduce you as my dear wife at my house.
 You'll be mine, my darling,
 indeed you will be mine,
 even if you don't want to be.

"Then I'll become
 a little white dove;
 I already want to fly away,
 I want to fly into the forest.
 I don't want to be yours,

mag dennoch nicht dein,
Nicht eine Stunde sein."

I don't want to be your sweetheart,
not for one hour."

Ich hab' wohl ein Flintchen,
das trifft gar bald,
Ich schieß' mir das Täubchen
herunter im Wald;
Mein wirst du, o Liebchen,
fürwahr du wirst mein,
Und wolltest du's auch nicht sein.

I have a good little rifle
that shoots pretty easily;
I will shoot down the little dove
there in the forest.
You'll be mine, my darling,
indeed you will be mine,
even if you don't want to be.

"So werd' ich ein Fischchen,
ein goldener Fisch,
Ich will schon entspringen
ins Wasser frisch;
Mag dennoch nicht deine,
mag dennoch nicht dein,
Nicht eine Stunde sein."

"Then I'll become a fish,
a golden fish;
I will indeed escape
into the fresh water.
I don't want to be yours,
I don't want to be your sweetheart,
not for one hour."

Ich hab' wohl ein Netzchen,
das fischt gar gut,
Ich fang' mir den goldenen Fisch in der Flut;
Mein wirst du, o Liebchen,
fürwahr du wirst mein,
Und wolltest du's auch nicht sein.

I have a good little net
that fishes quite well;
I'll catch me the golden fish in the stream.
You'll be mine, my darling,
indeed you will be mine,
even if you don't want to be.

"So werd' ich ein Häschen voll Schnelligkeit
Und lauf' in die Felder, die Felder breit;
Mag dennoch nicht deine,
mag dennoch nicht dein,
Nicht eine Stunde sein."

"Then I'll become a hare, full of speed,
and run off into the field, the wide field.
I don't want to be yours,
I don't want to be your sweetheart,
not even for one hour."

Ich hab' wohl ein Hündchen,
gar pffiffig und fein,
Das fängt mir das Häschen
im Felde schon ein:
Mein wirst du, o Liebchen,
fürwahr du wirst mein,
Und wolltest du's auch
nicht eine Stunde sein.

I have a good little dog,
rather clever and sly,
that will surely catch
the hare in the field.
You'll be mine, my darling,
indeed you will be mine,
even if you don't want to be
not even for one hour.

III. Der Gang zum Liebchen**Text by Josef Wenzig**

Es glänzt der Mond nieder,
 ich sollte doch wieder
 Zu meinem Liebchen, wie mag es ihr geh'n?
 Ach weh', sie verzaget
 und klaget, und klaget,
 Dass sie mich nimmer im Leben wird seh'n.
 Es ging der Mond unter,
 ich eilte doch munter,
 Und eilte dass keiner
 mein Liebchen entführt.
 Ihr Täubchen, o girret,
 ihr Lüftchen, o schwirret,
 Dass keiner mein Liebchen,
 mein Liebchen entführt.

Colloque**Francis Poulenc***Baritone:*

D'une rose mourante
 L'ennui penche vers nous;
 Tu n'es pas différente
 Dans ton silence doux
 De cette fleur mourante:
 Elle se meurt pour nous...
 Tu me semble pareille
 À celle dont l'oreille
 Était sur mes genoux,
 À celle dont l'oreille
 Ne m'écoutait jamais!
 Tu me semble pareille
 À l'autre que j'aimais:
 mais de celle ancienne
 Sa bouche était la mienne.

Soprano:

Que me compares-tu quelque rose fanée?
 L'amour n'a de vertu que
 fraîche et spontanée.
 Mon regard dans le tien
 Ne trouve que son bien

III. The Moon Gleams Down

The moon is shining down,
 I should go
 to my darling, how does she fare?
 Alas, she is despondent,
 and complains and complains,
 that she will never see me again in her life.
 The moon was setting,
 but I hurried off briskly -
 and hurried so that no one should steal
 my love away.
 You little doves, O cool!
 You little breezes, O whirl!
 - so that no one shall steal my love,
 my love away.

Colloquy*Baritone:*

A dying rose's
 sadness leans toward us;
 You're no different
 In your sweet silence
 Than this dying flower:
 It dies for us...
 You seem the same
 As the one whose ear
 Rested on my knee,
 As the one whose ear
 Never listened to me!
 You seem the same
 As the other one I loved:
 But from the old one,
 Her lips were all mine.

Soprano:

Why do you compare me to some faded rose?
 Love has no virtue unless it is
 fresh and spontaneous.
 I don't like the way
 I appear in your eyes

Je m'y vois toute nue!
 Mes yeux effaceront
 Tes larmes qui seront
 D'un souvenir venues.
 Si ton désir naquit
 qu'il meure sur ma couche
 Et sur mes lèvres
 qui t'emporteront la bouche.

I see myself there quite naked!
 My eyes will erase
 Your coming tears
 From the advent of old memories.
 If your desire was born,
 let it die on my bed
 And upon my lips
 which will carry your mouth away.

Romanzen und Balladen, Op. 67
Robert Schumann

Romances and Ballads, Op. 67

I. Der König von Thule
Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

I. The King in Thule

Es war ein König in Thule
 Gar treu bis an das Grab,
 Dem sterbend seine Buhle
 Einen goldnen Becher gab.

There was a king in Thule,
 Was faithful till the grave,
 To whom his mistress, dying,
 A golden goblet gave.

Es ging ihm nichts darüber,
 Er leert ihn jeden Schmaus;
 Die Augen gingen ihm über,
 So oft er trank daraus.

Nought was to him more precious;
 He drained it at every bout;
 His eyes with tears ran over,
 As oft as he drank thereout.

Und als er kam zu sterben,
 Zählt' er seine Städt' im Reich,
 Gönnt alles seinen Erben,
 Den Becher nicht zugleich.

When came his time of dying,
 The towns in his land he told,
 Nought else to his heir denying
 Except the goblet of gold.

Er sass beim Königsmahle,
 Die Ritter um ihn her,
 Auf hohem Vatersaale,
 Dort auf dem Schloss am Meer.

He sat at the royal banquet
 With his knights of high degree,
 In the lofty hall of his father
 In the castle by the sea.

Dort stand der alte Zecher,
 Trank letzte Lebensglut,
 Und warf den heiligen Becher
 Hinunter in die Flut.

There stood the old carouser,
 And drank the last life-glow;
 And hurled the hallowed goblet
 Into the tide below.

Er sah ihn stürzen, trinken
 Und sinken tief ins Meer.
 Die Augen täten ihm sinken;
 Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr.

He saw it plunging and filling,
 And sinking deep in the sea:
 Then fell his eyelids for ever,
 And never more drank he!

II. Schön-Rohtraut**Text by Eduard Mörik**

Wie heisst Koenig Ringangs Tochterlein?
 Rohtraut, Schoen-Rohtraut.
 Was tut sie denn den ganzen Tag,
 Da sie wohl nicht spinnen und naehen mag?
 Tut fischen und jagen.
 O, dass ich doch ihr Jaeger waer!
 Fischen and Jagen freu'te mich sehr.
 –Schweig stille, mein Herzel!

Und ueber eine kleine Weil,
 Rohtraut, Schoen-Rohtraut,
 So dient der Knab auf Ringangs Schloss
 In Jaegertracht und hat ein Ross,
 Mit Rohtraut zu jagen.
 O, dass ich doch ein Koenigssohn waer!
 Rohtraut, Schoen-Rohtraut lieb' ich so sehr.
 –Schweig' stille, mein Herzel!

Einstmals sie ruh'ten am Eichenbaum,
 Da lacht Schoen-Rohtraut:
 Was siehst mich an so wunniglich?
 Wenn du das Herz hast, kuesse mich!
 Ach! erschrak der Knabe!
 Doch denket er: mir ist's vergunnt,
 Und kuesset Schoen-Rohtraut
 auf den Mund.
 –Schweig' stille, mein Herzel!

Darauf sie ritten schweigend heim,
 Rohtraut, Schoen-Rohtraut;
 Es jauchzt der Knab' in seinem Sinn:
 Und wuerdst du heute Kaiserin,
 Mich sollts nicht kraenken:
 Ihr tausend Blaetter im Walde wisst,
 Ich hab' Schoen-Rohtrauts Mund gekuesst!
 –Schweig' stille, mein Herzel!

II. Fair-Rohtraut**Translation by Charles L. Cingolani**

What is King Ringang's daughter's name?
 Rohtraut, Fair-Rohtraut,
 What does she do all day long,
 Having no desire to spin or sew?
 She fishes and hunts.
 Oh, I would fain be her hunter!
 Fishing and hunting are my sports.
 –Be quiet, my heart!

And after a little while,
 Rohtraut, Fair-Rohtraut,
 A lad is serving at Ringang's castle
 He has the garb, has a horse,
 To go with Rohtraut hunting.
 O I would fain be the king's son!
 'Tis Rohtraut, Fair-Rohtraut I love so much.
 –Be quiet, my heart!

Once they rested under the oak tree,
 And Fair-Rohtraut laughed:
 Why are you gazing at me like that?
 If you have any pluck, kiss me!
 Ah! the lad pulls back!
 Then he is thinks: She is inviting me,
 And kisses Fair-Rohtraut
 on the lips.
 –Be quiet, my heart!

After that they rode home in silence,
 Rohtraut, Fair-Rohtraut;
 In his heart the lad rejoices:
 And if you were made queen today,
 I would not grieve:
 You thousand leaves in the woods have seen,
 That I kissed Fair-Rohtraut on the lips!
 –Be quiet, my heart!

III. Heidenröslein**Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**

Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehn,
 Röslein auf der Heiden,
 War so jung und morgenschön,
 Lief er schnell es nah zu sehn,
 Sah's mit vielen Freuden.
 Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
 Röslein auf der Heiden.

Knabe sprach: "Ich breche dich,
 Röslein auf der Heiden."
 Röslein sprach: "Ich steche dich,
 Dass du ewig denkst an mich,
 Und ich will's nicht leiden."
 Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
 Röslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde Knabe brach
 's Röslein auf der Heiden.
 Röslein wehrte sich und stach,
 Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,
 Musst es eben leiden.
 Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
 Röslein auf der Heiden.

IV. Ungewitter**Text by Adelbert von Chamisso**

Auf hohen Burgeszinnen
 Der alte König stand,
 Und überschaute düster
 Das düster umwölkte Land.

Es zog das Ungewitter
 Mit Sturmesgewalt herauf,
 Er stützte seine Rechte
 Auf seines Schwertes Knauf.

Die Linke, der entsunken
 Das gold'ne Zepter schon,
 Hielt noch auf der finstern Stime
 Die schwere goldne Kron'.

III. The Heathrose

Once a boy a Rosebud spied,
 Heathrose fair and tender,
 All array'd in youthful pride,—
 Quickly to the spot he hied,
 Ravished by her splendour.
 Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
 Heathrose fair and tender!

Said the boy, "I'll now pick thee,
 Heathrose fair and tender!"
 Said the rosebud, "I'll prick thee,
 So that thou'lt remember me,
 Ne'er will I surrender!"
 Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
 Heathrose fair and tender!

Now the cruel boy must pick
 Heathrose fair and tender;
 Rosebud did her best to prick,—
 Vain 'twas 'gainst her fate to kick—
 She must needs surrender.
 Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
 Heathrose fair and tender!

IV. Tempest

Upon the high peaks of the castle
 The old king stood,
 And somberly looked over
 The dark, cloud-covered land.

The tempest was approaching
 With the force of a storm,
 He braced his right hand
 On the pommel of his sword.

From his left hand, it has already fallen,
 The golden scepter,
 Still held on his darkened brow
 The heavy golden crown.

Da zog ihn seine Buhle
 Leis' an des Mantels Saum:
 Du hast mich einst geliebet,
 Du liebst mich wohl noch kaum?

His lover pulled him
 Gently on the hem of his coat:
 You loved me once,
 [Do you] hardly love me anymore?

Was Lieb' und Lust und Minne?
 Laß ab, du süße Gestalt!
 Das Ungewitter ziehet
 Herauf mit Sturmesgewalt.

What is love, and desire, and courtly love
 Let go, you sweet figure!
 The storm is approaching,
 Upon [us] with the force of a storm.

Ich bin auf Burgeszinnen
 Nicht König mit Schwert und Kron;
 Ich bin der empörten Zeiten
 Unmächtiger, bangender Sohn.

I am upon the peaks of the castle
 Not king with sword and crown,
 I am the powerless, anxious son
 Of the turbulent times.

Was Lieb' und Lust und Minne?
 Laß ab, du süße Gestalt!
 Das Ungewitter ziehet
 Herauf mit Sturmesgewalt.

What is love, and desire, and courtly love
 Let go, you sweet figure!
 The storm is approaching,
 Upon [us] with the force of a storm.

V. John Anderson **Text by Robert Burns**

John Anderson, mein Lieb!
 Wir haben uns geseh'n,
 Wie rabenschwarz Haar,
 Die Stime glatt und schön!
 Nun Gläte nicht,
 noch Locke der schönen Stime blieb;
 Doch segne Gott dein schneeig Haupt,
 John Anderson, mein Lieb!

V. John Anderson

John Anderson my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent;
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bony brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, mein Lieb!
 Wir klimmen froh bergauf,
 Und manchen heitem Tag
 begrüßten wir im Lauf.
 Nun abwärts Hand in Hand,
 Froh wie's bergauf uns trieb,
 Und unten sel'ges Schlafengeh'n
 John Anderson, mein Lieb!

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill the gither;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 And hand in hand we'll go;
 And sleep the gither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my Jo.

The Bride's Dream**Torbjørn Dyrud****Text: Song of Solomon 3, 1-5**

On my bed by night
 I sought him whom my soul loves;
 I sought him, but found him not.
 I will rise now and go about the city,
 in the streets and in the squares;
 I will seek him whom my soul loves.
 I sought him, but found him not.
 The watchmen found me
 as they went about in the city.
 "Have you seen him whom my soul loves?"
 Scarcely had I passed them
 when I found him whom my soul loves.
 I held him, and would not let him go
 until I had brought him into my mother's house,
 and into the chamber of her who conceived me.
 I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
 by the gazelles or the does of the field,
 that you not stir up or awaken love
 until it pleases.

Possession, from Three Songs**Ethel Smyth****Text by Ethel Carnie**

There bloomed at my cottage door
 A rose with a heart scented sweet,
 Oh so lovely and fair that I plucked it one day,
 Laid it over my own heart's swift beat.
 In a moment its petals were shed:
 Just a tiny white mound at my feet.

There flew through my casement low
 A linnet that richly could sing,
 Sang so thrillingly sweet I could not let it go
 But must cage it, the wild happy thing.
 But it pined in the cage I had made,
 Not a note to my chamber would bring.

There came to my lonely soul
The friend I had waited for long,
And the deep chilly silence lay stricken and dead,
Pierced to death by our love and our song,
And I thought of the bird and the flow'r
And my soul in its knowledge grew strong.

Go out when thou wilt, O friend; -
Sing thy song, roam the world glad and free;
By the holding I lose; by the giving I gain,
And the gods cannot take thee from me;
For a song and a scent on the wind
Shall drift in through the doorway from thee.

Selections from Songs, Op. 2

Amy Marcy Beach

Text by Henry Harris Aubrey Beach

When Far From Her

Shine out, shine out, good moon tonight,
And light my darling's home,
And east my shadow in her light
When far from her I roam.

Her lovely eyes with slumber seal,
And dreams of mem'ries dear,
Let happiness her sorrows heal,
O would that I were near.

Empress of Night

Out of the darkness,
Radiant with light,
Shineth her Brightness,
Empress of Night.

As granules of gold,
From her lofty height,
Or cataract bold
(Amazing sight!)

Falleth her jewels
 On ev'ry side,
 Lighting the joybells,
 Of Christmastide.

Piercing the treeboughs
 That wave in the breeze,
 Painting their shadows
 Among dead leaves;

Kissing the sea foam
 That flies in the air,
 When tossed from its home
 In waves so fair;

Silv'ring all clouds
 That darken her way,
 As she lifts the shrouds,
 Of breaking day.

Sechs Lieder, Op. 13
Clara Schumann

I. Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Text by Heinrich Heine

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
 und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
 und das geliebte Antlitz
 Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
 Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
 Und wie von Wehmutstränen
 Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
 Mir von den Wangen herab -
 Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
 Daß ich dich verloren hab!

Six Songs, Op. 13

Translation by David Kenneth Smith

I. I stood in darkened daydreams

I stood in darkened daydreams
 and stared at her portrait long
 as that beloved face was
 secretly coming to life.

Around her lips there blossomed
 a wondrous laughing smile,
 and melancholy teardrops -
 they glittered in her fair eyes.

Likewise my teardrops welled up
 and flowed down mournful cheeks
 alas, I can't believe it,
 that I am deprived of you!

II. Sie liebten sich beide**Texty by Heinrich Heine**

Sie liebten sich beide,
 doch keiner wollt' es dem andern gestehn;
 sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
 und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.

Sie trennten sich endlich
 und sah'n sich nur noch zuweilen im Traum;
 sie waren längst gestorben
 und wußten es selber kaum.

III. Liebeszauber**Text by Emanuel Geibel**

Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall
 im Rosenbusch und sang;
 es flog der wunderschöne Schall
 den grünen Wald entlang.

Und wie er klang, da stieg im Kreis
 aus tausend Kelchen Duft,
 und alle Wipfel rauschten leis;
 und leiser ging die Luft;

die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum
 geplätschert von den Höhn,
 die Rehlein standen wie im Traum
 und lauschten dem Getön.

Und hell und immer heller floß
 der Sonne Glanz herein,
 um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß
 sich goldig roter Schein.

Ich aber zog den Weg entlang
 und hörte auch den Schall.
 Ach! was seit jener Stund' ich sang,
 war nur sein Widerhall.

II. They once loved each other

They once loved each other,
 but neither would to the other confess
 they saw each other as hostile,
 yet wanted to perish from love.

They finally parted
 and sometimes sighted the other in dreams;
 they had been dead so long now
 and hardly known it themselves.

III. Love's Magic

Now Love once like a nightingale
 in rosebush perched and sang;
 with sweetest wonder flew the sound
 along the woodland green.

And as it rang, there rose a scent
 from ring of thousand buds,
 and all the treetops rustled soft,
 and softer blew the air;

The brooklets silences, scarcely come
 by splashing from the heights,
 the fawns stood still as if in dream,
 and listened to the tone.

And bright and ever brighter flowed
 the sunbeams down inside,
 'round blossoms, wood and gorge it gushed
 with golden red sunshine.

I walked along the path that day
 and also heard that sound.
 Alas! what ever since I've sung
 was just its echo faint.

IV. Der Mond kommt still gegangen**Text by Emanuel Geibel**

Der Mond kommt still gegangen
mit seinem gold'nen Schein,
da schläft in holdem Prangen
die müde Erde ein.

Und auf den Lüften schwanken
aus manchem treuen Sinn
viel tausend Liebesgedanken
über die Schläfer hin.

Und drunten im Tale, da funkeln
die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;
ich aber blicke im Dunkeln
still in die Welt hinaus.

V. Ich hab' in deinem Auge**Text by Friedrich Rückert**

Ich hab' in deinem Auge
den Strahl der ewigen Liebe gesehen,
ich sah auf deinen Wangen
einmal die Rosen des Himmels stehn.

Und wie der Strahl im Aug' erlischt
und wie die Rosen zerstieben,
ihr Abglanz ewig neu erfrischt,
ist mir im Herzen geblieben,

und niemals werd' ich die Wangen seh'n
und nie in's Auge dir blicken,
so werden sie mir in Rosen steh'n
und es den Strahl mir schicken.

VI. Die stille Lotosblume**Text by Emanuel Geibel**

Die stille Lotosblume
steigt aus dem blauen See,
die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,
der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.

IV. The moon so peaceful rises

The moon so peaceful rises
with all its golden shine,
there sleeps in lovely glitter
the weary earth below.

And on the breezes waft down
from many faithful hearts
true loving thoughts by the thousand
upon the sleeping ones.

And down in the valley, there twinkle
the lights from my lover's house;
but I in darkness still look out -
silent - into the world.

V. I once into your eyes looked

I once into your eyes looked,
the flash of unfading love I beheld there,
I once upon your cheeks saw
the bloom of roses from heaven fair.

And though the flash of eye may fade
and though the roses may wither,
their splendor ever new refreshed,
is how my heart will remember.

And never will I behold your cheeks
and in your eyes ne'er be gazing,
without those roses that I saw bloom
and with that flash be blazing.

VI. The quiet lotus blossom

The quiet lotus blossom
sprouts from the pond so blue,
its leaves all glimmer and sparkle,
its bud is white as snow.

Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel
all seinen gold'nen Schein,
gießt alle seine Strahlen
in ihren Schoß hinein.

The moon pours down from heaven
all off its golden shrine,
pours all its golden moonbeams
into her blossom heart.

Im Wasser um die Blume
kreiset ein weißer Schwan
er singt so süß, so leise
und schaut die Blume an.

In water 'round the blossom
circles the whitest swan
it sings so sweet, so softly
and gazes on the bloom.

Er singt so süß, so leise
und will im Singen vergehn.
O Blume, weiße Blume,
kannst du das Lied verstehn?

It sing so sweet, so softly
and would but perish in song.
O blossom, whitest blossom,
can you conceive the song?

Selections from Shades of Love **Ruth Watson Henderson**

V. Annabel Lee **Text by Edgar Allan Poe**

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of Heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,
 Went envying her and me—
 Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
 In this kingdom by the sea)
 That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
 Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
 Of those who were older than we—
 Of many far wiser than we—
 And neither the angels in Heaven above
 Nor the demons down under the sea
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
 Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
 In her sepulchre there by the sea—
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

IV. Remember

Text by Christina Rossetti

Remember me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land;
 When you can no more hold me by the hand,
 Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
 Remember me when no more day by day
 You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
 Only remember me; you understand
 It will be late to counsel then or pray.
 Yet if you should forget me for a while
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
 For if the darkness and corruption leave
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
 Better by far you should forget and smile
 Than that you should remember and be sad.

I. Awake, My Heart**Text by Robert Bridges**

Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky: unrisen lustres slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake!

She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee:
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take:
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

And if thou tarry from her, - if this could be, -
She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee;
For thee would unashamed herself forsake:
Awake, to be loved, my heart, awake, awake!

Awake! The land is scattered with light, and see,
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree;
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake:
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

Lo, all things wake and tarry and look for thee:
She looketh and saith, "O sun, now bring him to me.
Come, more adored, O adored, for his coming's sake,
And awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!"

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